Ihe Mysteries of Myra An Inspiring Novel Written by Hereward Committee of Myra An Inspiring Novel Written by Hereward Committee of Myra An Inspiring Novel Written by Hereward Committee of Myra An Inspiring Novel

Written by Hereward Carrington.

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Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Myra Maynard, a beautiful heiress, is pursued by a band of Black Magicians. They desire her death so that the fortune of her father, a former inember of the Black Order, may fall to them before her attaining legal age, according to his secret will. Dr. Payson Alden; a brilliant young physician, who has devoted several years to the study of the psychio, learns of their activities and repeatedly saves. Myra's life by outwitting the erimisals, with their own science. His efforts, are made especially difficult by the secret connivance with the Black Order of Arthur, Varney, a wealthy clubman, who is in love with Myra. Varney is field by fear of the High Master to sample gittempts to cent the girl's life.

Linder the instructions of the physician the girl learns to do mental telepathy and astral proceiton into space of her "soul" bedg. During one of these experiments the Black Magicians almost succeed in gotting the satral thread between the satral and the feel-and-blood body. The spire of the High Master is cumularly ambititude within the sirl's body by the leader of the Davil Worshippers and terrible havor readits. By unusual cleverness Payson Alden succeeds in restoring the girl to hier own body. The Hack Order menaces his life many times and he barrily escapes from their imprisonment, while his Hindoo assistant is slain. Folsoned owers, gas balloons filled with deadity yapors, dynamite explosions—all these physical efforts are included in the various means which the Davil Worshippers and the High Master both project their astrals into Myra's bedroom, where they are mysteriously materialized into new bodies again. They endeavor to slay the siril but on him definitely. Varney and the High Master both project their astrals into Myra's bedroom, where they are mysteriously materialized into new bodies again. They endeavor to slay the girl but are baffed by Alden's electrical "soul trap."

The last attempt to slay the siril has been with the use of an automatically almed rifle placed b Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHAPTER XLIII.

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Myra's Strange Malady.

It is just a base of nervous rundown. Mrs. Maynard." said the family physician, soothingly. "It puzzled me at first, but now I find that there is no real cause for worrying. Miss Myra must simply eat good, wholesome food, take this tonic three times a day and take ton drops of this nerve medicine every hour."

"It is not my nerves," protested the girl, as she reclined in the bis library chair, a bewitching vision of pink and white, attired in one of those semily bouldir gowns worn by convalescents. She was weak and wan, yet her spiritual beauty seemed more lintensified by her illiness. "I never felt so caim and forsætful of nerves in my life, Dector Crawford. It just reems as though all the strength were being squeezed out of my heart."

"Tut, tutt" and the old physician resented this guestioning of his diagnosis, "My child, I have treated you through every slekness of your life. I know exactly what you need. I will prescribe two additional combinations which I wish you to take punctually, according to the directions on the bottles. You will find that you are another being, after twelve hours."

True to the tradition of so many old school practioners, he deluged the girl with a variety of weird drugs, and then departed with a comfortable sense of duty well done.

"Oh, dear, I will spend every minute of the day with a medicine spoon in my mouth," sighed myra, as she twisted on many. She stranged out the soul fine and a very short time to cover the work of years. One night I went too far:

"Arthur, you must not throw my love aside now."

What was it you have earn the first three is now. The life you, except to say that I tried in a very short time to cover the work of years. One night I went too far:

"Arthur, you must tell me. I am your friend, you know, even though we canmore a surprising apaem of pain distoric dynamics."

"Arthur, you must not throw my hore assisted out her soil.

"Arthur, you most the process in more about it. A terrible thing happened to me."

"A

"What is it now, dear?" questioned her mother anxiously.

"It is just a terrible pressure herewhich seems to stop the beating. Oh, this is the second day of this agony, mother. I wish I had not been too silly yesterday—I should have told Dr. Alden how serious it really was."

"There; child, it will be better. Good old Dr. Crawford never makes a mistake. Just rest and be calm, and stop worrying over all this silly occult business. You are through with that forever, dear."

Her mother walked toward the door, ar she heard the bell ringing. Willis answered the summons and returned with a tastefully large bouquet.

"It is for you, Miss Myra," and the butter placed the fragrant token in her lap.

"How beautiful" and a flush of dear."

lap.
"How beautiful," and a flush of de-light came to the white cheeks for an instant. "Just what I wanted; I won-der who sent them. Oh, see—it's Dr.

"Myra, as the affianced wife of Arthur Varney, I do not believe it is right for you to show so much interest in Dr. Alden. You are wearing Arthur's Myra dropped her eyes, and a tear trickled down her cheek.

"I can't help liking my friends, mother." was her meek protest. "And Dr. Alden and I have so much in common. He has done so much for me, while Arthur—well, I do not understand why I ever accepted him—your insistence had much to do with it, and I am far from happy."

Mrs. Maynard looked away almost guiltily, and left the room abstracted-

am far from happy."

Mrs. Maynard looked away almost guiltily, and left the room abstractedity. She felt a vague uneasiness herself over the grospective marriage. Yet Arthur Varney was, according to a maternal standard, a "good match." He was handsome, debonair, of immaculate social position, his means were ample. Most appealing of all, perhaps his attitude to her, Myra's mother, had been one of flattering deference to every wish. Every act seemed planned for Mrs. Maynard's particular pleasure; every opinion of hers seemed to find echo in his anawe acquiescence. In short. Mrs. Maynard's interference with her daughter's future was based upon short. Mrs. Maynard's interference with her daughter's future was based upon the same self-interest which has influ-enced the lives of so many daughters. Dr. Payson Alden was so different in type. His gallantry could not be gain-said. Yet, so many times since he had come into their lives he had overridden her contens: isonoing the maternal deher opinions; ignoring the maternal de-grees, with a calm assumption of su-periority most nettling. And, most ir-ritating of all, he had proved himself

ritating of all, he had proved himself in the right.

In short, Dr. Payson Alden was not the sort of young man to make a meek son-in-law. To Mrs. Maynard, as to so many other mothers, this was the unforgivable objection.

Even as Myra buried her face in the cheery blossoms the physician came to inquire about her. He was admitted to the library: the girl's weakness frightened him. After the first words of greeting, Alden took out his watch to count the girl's pulse.

"You have no fever, but your heart action is very weak, Miss Myra. You are a great deal sicker than you were yesterday. I don't like this a bit. Dr. Crawford's prescriptions are all right-perhaps. But he did not diagnose your case correctly."

perhaps. But he did not diagnose your case correctly."

"Why, Dr. Crawford is one of the oldest practitions in the city," began Mrs. Maynard indignantly.

"Exactly. That is the trouble with him. He is still living in the mid-Victorian era of drug cures. There is more here than the need of bitter medicines.

This illness is not altogether natural."

"What do you mean, doctor?" and Myrs. it was terrible!"

then departed with a comfortable sense of duty well dope.

"Oh, dear, I will spend every minute of the day with a medicine spoon in my mouth," sighed myra, as she twisted uneasily in the chair.

She drew a sharp breath, as she pressed her hand to her heart.

"What is it now, dear?" questioned denly springing into his own. "Tell me, Arthur. If I could help you I would, indeed I would! I know what it is to suffer in that way."

Varney hesitated, and then sat down rather miserably. To surprised Myra. who had never seen this expression of hopelessness upon the usually immobile

"Yes, you have promised to help me, and I will hold you to your promise, began the man. "You are the only person in the world who can save me!"

CHAPTER XLIV. The Fleeting Star. ELL me what happened, Arthur."

"I will, but you must pledge yourself to secrecy-never tell about it to either your mother or Dr. Payson Alden. If you will not promise, I cannot tell, and I am simply, rretrievably lost!"
Myra hesitated and then nodded her

Myra hesitated and then nodded her head.

"I usually keep confidences, Arthur. Some people do not."

He looked at her sharply, and reddened. Then, ignoring the reproof, he unfolded his curious story.

"It was just a few nights ago that I finally obtained these old volumes on the astrai. They were printed in English, by some funny old publisher in India. They were in poor grammar, as they had evidently been translated by a native. But they were so queer and so simple apparently, that I became lost in them. The first book told of concentration. I thought I knew what concentration was before, but until I followed the rules laid down there, I never realized how the Orientals attain such mental strength.

never realized how the Orientals actain such mental strength.

He rubbed his forehead as though it were sore to the touch.

"First, I put my mind on a distant mountain, according to the quaint rules. Then, after thinking about that for hours, I concentrated on a peak of the mountain—one over in Jersey, with which I was actually familiar. After more hours of this—thinking about the tip of that mountain—I mething but the tip of that mountain—I

which I was actually familiar. After more hours of this—thinking about nothing but the tip of that mountain—I applied all my mind power to a tiny pebble on that tip."

Varney laughed nervously, as if half ashamed of his words.

"It sounds silly, doesn't it? But I have been told that is exactly the way the Orientais—the Yogi students—do it. At last I spent about four hours concentrating on the idea of that tiny speck of mountain—and the first thing I knew I was absolutely unconscious and woke up late in the afternoon, a wreck."

wreck."
"But, Arthur, that was not so terrible," remonstrated Myra.
"Not the first time. But after I had done this several times, and after many hours of motionless concentration, following the rules of the boks, something happened!"

lowing the rules of the boks, something happened!"

The girl regarded him with awe, for his face was chalky, as he recounted it. Here was no simulation, indeed. The man was frightened and suffering.

"I was sitting on the floor with some queer figures drawn in a five-pointed star in front of me, just as the instructions read. Every one of those signs meant something in the psychic, and I was putting my soul into first one and then the other."

Variety's voice sank to barely more

"What do you mean, doctor?" and Myra looked at him sharply.

"Well, I will soon find out. Dr. Albert Abrams, of Sen Francisco, has invented a wonderful machine, which I am now within my brain. It burned for an in-

inspection.

The arrangement was hung in Myra's bedroom from a porcelain coated, and hence nonconducting, hook, driven into the ceiling. It could be swung in all directions and Myra was still as mystified as her mother and Marjory Stowe, who was still their guest, at Alden's re-

fied as her mother and Marjory Stowe, who was still their guest, at Alder's request.

"Look, I will explain something," and Alden led Myra to the window, where he held a concave focusing mirror in the held in the first globe through which she had seen such strange visions before. The renseness of her fingers betokened the tranendous nervous strain under which she was cortain focal point. So does the sing marvous strain under which she was cortain focal point. So does this lead painted umbrella collect the thought waves directed at it. The lead prevents the waves from passing through its curve, just as does the silver on the mirror. Instead of reflecting them straight back, "be curve of the umbrella covity. I can tell the direction from which the waves come. Then I am gettins a company of directions for my search of the Black Order."

Myra and the others listened in sillence.

"This instrument." went on Alden. "Is an electroscope. It is as you see a glass container, holding two gold leaves delicately supported. When strong thought influence is concentrated upon them the leaves will spread. Then we will begin another little experiment."

At the word he women screamed and Dan dropped to his knees as though them the leaves will spread. Then we will begin another little experiment."

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It was a Planchette board—made of delicate, resonant wood, with an index legs supported it on the small table, covered with the alphabet, which appropried it.

She placed it on the table, and despite the disappsoval of Myra's glance, she began to work it; that is, to free her mind of all thoughts, closing her eyes and holding mer fingers with the lightest possible touch upon the flat surface.

Alden turned to observe her all the swill begin another little experiment?"

At his direction one of the women began to turn the umbrella in a slow circle following Alden with it, as the doctor walked slowly around the room in a larger circle. The physicial was watching the leaves in the electroscope carefully.

He stopped, with a murmur of triumph. Then he backed slowly toward one wall of the room. He stopped, came forward, raising the instrument at first and then lowering it.

"Now fasten the umbrella exactly in that position," he ordered, while the position, he ordered, while the position, he cordered, while the position, he ordered, while the position of the room. He stopped has a first and then lowering it.

"Now fasten the umbrella in a slow circle following Alden with it, as the doctor walked slowly around the room in a larger circle. The physicial was watching the leaves in the electroscope carefully.

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Alden turned to observe her, and quickly drew his prescription pad and fountain pen from his pocket. Although the girl's eyese were closed, the board began to move around on its siphabet's surface meaningly. Its first movement spelled the word: "8-L-O-W."

"What on earth can that mean muttered the doctor. "Try it rgain, please."

Marjory waited, but was found the single and began to move around on its siphabet's surface meaningly. Its first movement spelled the word: "8-L-O-W."

"What on earth can that mean muttered the doctor. "Try it rgain, please."

Marjory waited, but was found the workman and began to move a control of the control of the

The workman and his companion brought up a huge glass jar, containing some rods of metal with curious knobs pendant upon them. This was placed in the room, with its top rod at exactly the spot which had been occupied by

results.

"Let me try it?" asked Myra triumphantly.

Alden took the board to her side by the couch, and she followed the example of the other girl. But she, too, was to be disappointed. She was sifting upin the couch now, and, apparently feeling a sudden relief from her weakness. Rut without warning a paroxysm seized her, and she almost collapsed.

It seeemed as though some force had been resting for a brief period, to be resumed again with renewed power.

"Tiere, here, you mutt lie dwn!" counseled Alden, anxiously. "You are getting weaker all the time."

"Let me try itst once more," pleaded the girl, gasping for breath. "Some thing tells me I will succeed this time."

Myra persisted, and, closing her eyes, waited for results, aithough swaying so weakly that her mother placed an arm about her shoulders.

"We should stop this silly business and call our regular physician, good old Doctor Crawford," began Mrs. Maynard.

The board was beginning to move.

"Be quiet! Don't interrupt with your old doctors." commanded Alden noted this down on his pad.

"The hoard now went zig-zagging down the alphabet until its little pointer indicated the letter "Y." Alden noted this down on his pad.

"The next one is 'O." he murmured.

The little pointer seemed now to be journeying with individual intelligence. Rayidly it spelled out, according to Alden's record, this surprising sentences." Tour heart must beat slower—and slower—and slower "It out her would not the fourneying with individual intelligence. Rayidly it spelled out, according to Alden's record, this surprising sentences."

"Our heart must beat slower—and slower and slower in the first product, and the product product and the product all the correspondent to the content in the first product and above all ten on one touch in the energy our unseen workers wish to spive it! But, under no circumstances with the energy our unseen workers wish to spive it! But, under no circumstances with must pount above all ten on contoint in the energy our unseen workers wish to be electrac

safety in his lead-lined cell. Then he began to fume.

"Where is my black crystal? I want to get the messages, if any are sent!"

He looked about the room, and was afraid to go out. He hesitated oy the leaden door.

Alden was holding the brass megaphone up to the Leyden jar, waiting for the supreme moment. Myra, sitting in the supreme moment along chair, was an easy position in a large chair, was

"Yes, I see in the crystal the form of a man lying face downward! He does not move. Now it fades *com view," said Myra, and she shivered, dropping the crystal to the floor.

"Yes, I'm sorry. But I believe we hit the bull's-eye that time," said Alden.
"It has been worth the bother if we succeeded. ceeded in hoisting him with his own petard.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

See this episode today at the Hip-podrome—9th st. and New York ave.— Advt.

THAT WOULDN'I COME OFF

It Was War to the Finish

If you find dandruff on your coat collar, it's simply Nature's danger signal of coming baldness. Soon it will be too late, and "the bald spot that won't come off' will make its appearance.

Avoid the use of cocoanut oil or preparations containing alkalis. Soaps and other alkalis foam, so be on your For the pelled out, according to Alden's record, this surprising sentence.

Alden's record, this surprising sentence.

Tour heart must beat slower—and slo guard, as they tend to dry



MYRA SLOWLY RESPONDED

a prey to the keenest anguish of pity. She called him.

"Arthur, put back the ring, I will try to help you—we will try together a little bit longer."

With a glad cry he replaced the golden circle, and klassed the flashing stone impulsively, although the girl trembled with repugnance at the caress.

"You should ask Dr. Alden's advice." she yentured.
"Nover. I would ask nothing from that fellow. But, I must go now, for I do not want to see him again. And I forbid your letting him come here any longer. Do not forget your pledge of confidence. Myra." Varney

nildence, Myra."
Varney kissed the limp hand again,
d then retreated toward the corridor,
Myra sank down upon the couch,
a had gone! And now she looked at
baleful glitter of the solitaire upon her finger.
"It seems as though his soul had left

him, and fastened itself upon me, in this crystalline star, to sap my vitality and my spirit! Oh, why did I weaken? Oooh!" She moaned and sank unconscious on the couch, her misery relieved for the minute by the comforting blanket of

minute by the comforting blanket of Naturo's anesthesia.
Alden had already left the house for his own laboratory, and Mrs. Maynard was forced to call Willis and the maid to her assistance before she had succeeded in reviving the girl. Myra's heart was fluttering now, more palpably than ever. Each breath seemed to make her weaker, by a tiny degree

CHAPTER XLV. The Gyrograph.

N his laboratory the physician was testing a new instrument for the registering of the invisible forces of the mind. This was the gyrograph, invented by Dr. Albert Abrams, the California specialist, which he had already mentioned to Mrs. Maynard.

It was a curious arrangement of delicately balanced threads, upon a central standard; from one of the filaments was suspended a small pith or cork ball.

The nature of the instrument was such that it received certain delicate transmissions of energy, through thought waves of certain people. It had been used scientifically to measure the psychic strength of various experiments. When a message was sent, through the medium of the person holding the light end of the silk thread, and thence the weight, it would (as the doctor had seen in past experiments on other instruments of the same make) register the thoughts of a third person. It was to detect the person of the third the mind. This was the gyrograph.

lighted with enthusiasm now, and the girl cast an admiring glance at his handsome features. The look did not escape the watchful workman, who chuckled quietly.

"Sure, the boss do be a hypnotisin' companied it.

chuckled quietly.

"Sure, the boss do be a hypnotisin' the purty girl," he muttered. "It ain't right for some men to have all the girls allkin' them, with others none at all."

But Alden was engrossed in his experiment. This time it succeeded. He mentally imprinted the image of the key, and the thought of the key, to the exclusion of all other ideas from his mind, upon the mind of the girl sitting before him. She held the end of the thread, and they were all silent, until suddenly the thread began to swing the cork tip in a curious series of spirals.

"Look, doctor! It works!" cried the

"Look, doctor! It works!" cried the girl, enthusiastically, and Alden beni over her delightedly. "Splendid! Congratulations, Miss Stowe! You are indeed a sensitive of high power, for I barely began to con-centrate on the matter."

As he drew out his watch to test with that object, the telephone bell rang.
"What a nuisance," muttered Alden, as he turned to answer it. But his im-retience changed in concern and active

as he turned to answer it. But his impatience changed to concern and agitation as he listened.

"Myra has had another serious fainting spell, and thinks you may be able to help her," said Mrs. Maynard, at the other end of the wire.

"I will be right over, Mrs. Maynard. Good by."

to help her," said Mrs. Maynard, at the other end of the wire.

"I will be right over, Mrs. Maynard. Good by."

He hung up the receiver excitedly, and turned toward the other girl.

"Miss Stowe, you have come at the very nick of time. A friend of mine is very ill, and it is not from a weakness of the physical. I am trying to learn what the cause is, and I believe you can help me greatly. Will you accompany me to her house?"

"Yes, indeed. Mr. Reese told me to follow your instructions in every way. He is very much interested in your case." she replied, willingly.

Alden excitedly packed the gryrograph, and some other boxes were brought down to the taxicab which he porch steps of Myra's home, carrying the packages of apparatus.

Mrs. Maynard received them. She was greatly excited, and after Alden had introduced Mariory Stowe, he gave her the first attention with a liftle prescription of bromide to calm her. Myra was setting up again, but it was evident that she was very exhausted, with some curious languor taking more and more possession of her.

"Well, I have found a wonedrful little medium in Miss Stowe, "Alden explained, with an enthusiastic glance at the girl. "I am sure she can help me a great deal from now on. We are going to start right away with Abrams' gyrograph."

Alden turned to his workmen and they began to set up the instrument. For the first time in her friendship with Alden Myra felt a new sensation of the oldest heart malady in the world included that Payson Alden could not be blind.

She took an instinctive dislike to the girl, but was too well bred to exhibit anything but her most gracious man-

other instruments of the same make, register the thoughts of a third person. It was to detect the person of the third thought force that he sought. One of the assistants who had helped the doctor to construct the life-saving ultraviolet lamps in Myra's home was now sitting before the instrument holding the string and weight.

"You don't need to laugh, Dan." said the doctor. "This is an instrument which really does things—even though you and I may not have mind enough to make it work. Now, just keep quiet and think about the string. I'll send you the message, while I stand behind you."

He took a key from his pocket and the doctor and I have had some very mind to finense silence. Then he put it in his pocket and crossed to the gyrograph, leaning over it.

He was doomed to disappointment Nothing had happened except a more expansive grin on the face of the insertion. The same was the brusque, businessike corder of a great deal from now on. We are gother the grind the girl. I am sure she can help me agreat deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the first time in the great deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the great deal from now on. We are gother the first time in the great deal from now on. We are gother the first time in the great deal from now on. We are gother the first time in the great deal from now on. We are great deal from now on. Me agreat deal from now on. Me in the girl of the shear maldy in the world they began to set up the instrument they began

Marjory waited, but was forced to admit that she could bring no further "Let me try st?" asked Myra trium-